

READS LIKE ROMANCE

THE SECRET HISTORY OF NATIONAL NOMINATING CONVENTIONS.

The Results Are Known of All Men, but the Plots, the Intrigues, the Treacheries Often Remain Unchronicled—Dramatic Interest of This Peculiar Institution.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, May 12.—We are nearing the national nominating conventions of the two great parties. The conventions! There is nothing else like them anywhere. I fancy the death of a sovereign in other parts of the world is the nearest they get to it in monarchical lands, for that is an event which ushers in a new ruler. But how tame and commonplace the dropping out of one crowned head and the accession of another in this manner compared with the choosing of a president at one of our national conventions!

In monarchies succession is by one of the most common casualties of life. The change comes silently, not often un-



expected. The name of the successor is not a mystery. As well known, as much studied, as thoroughly canvassed as the rising and the setting sun. In monarchies, the death chamber, the muffled sounds, the weeping of kin, the awful hush and a son or daughter rising from the bedside to receive a crown. That is all. Nature, chance, disease, control on the one hand; the accident of birth on the other.

In this republic, a myriad of caucuses in all the hamlets, wards and townships of a vast country; county gatherings, next in the scale, in thousands of counties; then district conventions, more pretensions and important; state conventions follow, accumulating the spirit, the essence, the strongest, the various movements of all that have preceded, and finally the great national assembly, composed of nearly a thousand of the participants or products of the lesser gatherings. This is the work of brain, of brawn, of genius, of life—not of death. Man rules, not nature. Through all these preliminaries run certain currents of ambition, of coherence, of direction, meeting almost everywhere in keen rivalry, and pregnant always of keener rivalries to come.

The seemingly trivial contest between two handfuls of countrymen, by the light of three or four oil lamps in the backwoods school house, finds its echo in the grand, the spectacular, the inspiring, the indescribable clash of human forces—the battle of peace which sweeps most of the battles of war—in some gigantic auditorium toward whose walls the ears of an entire nation are inclined.

A national convention makes history, but the history of a national convention was never written. Chroniclers by the hundred, and the keenest and brightest in all the land are there. They appear ubiquitous, they never sleep, they tire, though stop not. They load the wires with hundreds of thousands of words, day after day, and then the story is only half told. The midnight conferences, the secret plots, the conspiracies, the intrigues, the treachery are often buried in oblivion, never to see the light of print. The true and full history of any national convention would read like a romance.

Sometimes a convention's action is materially affected by a trivial incident occurring many miles away. In 1888 the national Republican convention was held at Chicago. There were many candidates. But over them all hung a peculiar spell, a cloud, a charm, which paralyzed progress, prevented crystallization. It was the name of Blaine.

Mr. Blaine was in Europe, whence he had sent a letter declaring that he was not a candidate. Some of his friends accepted this as final, but more did not. It finally appeared that there was a plot to nominate Blaine, notwithstanding his letter. The men who were engaged in it had a difficult, a delicate task before them. It would not do to make the effort and fail. Nor would it be wise, considering that it is always desired to have election follow nomination, to ride rough shod over the nomination, to ride rough shod over the candidates, the avowed candidates, whose friends had brought them forward in good faith on the assumption that Blaine was out. Therefore these men who had determined to nominate Blaine moved with caution and tact.

Their plan was to give each of the principal avowed candidates a try at the prize. Each in turn was to be put forward with seemingly powerful assistance, and when all had made their running and failed to reach the goal Blaine was to be brought out as the only man who could attract to himself the discordant elements, as the only possible solution of the problem. Thus nominated, argued the manipulators, Blaine would have to accept, and under such circumstances there could be no charge of bad faith or sharp practices.

This plan made satisfactory progress. Monday morning came, and no nomination had been made, though the convention had been in session five days. This candidate and that had had his chance and failed. The convention was at sea. Choice seemed impossible, and the friends of all the aspirants were becoming weary and discouraged.

"The hour has come, now we must strike," agreed the Blaine managers. A secret conference of the trusted Blaine men was called. It met at 1 o'clock in

the morning in parlor 144, Grand Pacific hotel. Every man present was a leader in his state. "How many votes have you that may be depended on?" Every one answered. The total was a large majority of the convention. "Then we nominate Blaine as soon as the convention meets today." A committee of three was appointed to manage affairs on the floor of the convention hall, all agreeing to follow their directions. As dawn began to streak gray rays through the windows this remarkable conference adjourned. Every man left that parlor with joy in his heart, for he felt that the nomination of Blaine was only a few hours distant.

At 10 o'clock these men, weary but confident, walked into the convention hall. "Not this ballot, but the next," was the word whispered among them. How eagerly they waited for that next ballot! But in a few minutes a new factor, unexpected and unwelcome, entered the hall. It was a cablegram from Mr. Blaine to Congressman Boutelle. It had been received late the night before. Boutelle had consulted one or two friends as to what he should do with it, and then, like the Yankee that he is, had concluded to sleep on it before doing anything. The message read, "I think I have the right to ask my friends to respect my wishes." Boutelle was in a quandary. He did not know whether to make the telegram public or bury it in his pocket. "Better Blaine," said he, "he knows how to use the English language as well as any man in the world. Why didn't he say what he meant in good English?" It was a fearful responsibility. On the one side was good faith with a long time friend, on the other ambition, power, triumph. Boutelle finally decided to make the letter public.

He was led to this conclusion, this fateful conclusion, by another strange circumstance. That Sunday evening Mr. A. M. Low, then on the Chicago Tribune staff in Washington, received this order over the special wire from his managing editor, "Interview John Sherman." The trained newspaper man obeys orders. "It's no use for me to go up to John Sherman's house and ask for an interview at this time," said Low to himself: "he won't say a word. I might just as well sit down and write back 'He won't talk' as to take the trouble to walk up to his house this hot night." But like the good newspaper man he is, Low went to Sherman's house. The Senator was sitting on the doorstep, surrounded by the members of his family. All were drinking lemonade, and the old senator, with that warmth of hospitality which is always his and which is in strange contrast to his manners at the Capitol, with his own hands brought the scribe a glass and bade him be seated. This auspicious beginning had a fateful ending. Mr. Sherman submitted to an interview. He gave his opinion of the progress of events at Chicago. The substance of it was that he understood the game of politics which the Blaine men were playing at Chicago and condemned it most severely. Reading between the lines one could see that if Blaine were given the nomination in that manner Mr. Sherman would forever feel that he had not been fairly treated, for Mr. Sherman himself expected to be nominated the following day if Blaine were kept out of the contest.

When Mr. Boutelle came down to breakfast after "sleeping on" Blaine's cablegram he had a copy of The Tribune in his hand. This interview was the first thing which attracted his attention. He read and re-read it. Light dawned on his troubled mind. "Mr. Blaine," he said to himself, "would never forgive me if I suppressed his telegram and permitted his friends to ride over John Sherman. This settles it, and I shall read the telegram to the convention."

In the convention hall the Blaine schemers begged Boutelle to change his mind—threatened him, stormed at him—but without avail. The telegram was



AN INTERVIEW THAT CHANGED HISTORY. read, the Blaine movement came to an end. Harrison was nominated on the next ballot.

How was Harrison nominated? By the shrewdness, the genius of one man. No able politician ever lived than Stephen B. Elkins. He was Blaine's manager in 1880 and 1884. He idolized Blaine, but he never carried hero worship to the point at which he lost his wits. In 1888 he was for Blaine if Blaine would or could take it, but he had a second bow for the fiddle. If it were not Blaine Elkins had determined it should be Harrison. The Indianapolis lawyer was his father-in-law's warm friend and his friend. On his way west he had an interview with General Harrison at the latter's home. At Chicago he invited to his room four men. They were Platt, Depew, Miller and Hiscok—the "big four" of the New York delegation. In that room, with only five men present, the great convention with its 800 delegates and its thousands of assistant delegates was ruled. These four men threw New York for Harrison and New York's prestige carried the nomination with it. Mr. Platt was promised the secretaryship of the treasury, to obtain which has been the ambition of his life. Why he didn't get it I know, but won't tell. It is no business of ours anyway. But the same "big four" will be at Minneapolis three weeks hence, and you should keep an eye on them.

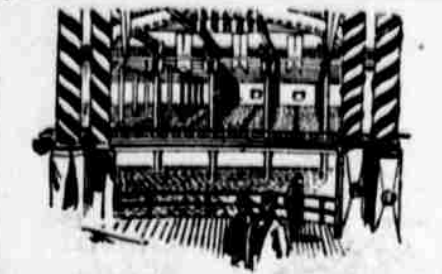
WALTER WELLMAN.

HOW TO HOUSE THEM.

MINNEAPOLIS SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF CARING FOR DELEGATES.

She Has Made Ample Provision for the Comfort of the Republican National Convention—Where the Delegates Will Be Quartered—Twin City Attractions.

[Special Correspondence.]
MINNEAPOLIS, May 12.—The Minneapolis "convention hustlers" propose to have the army of delegates and alternates to the national Republican convention treated in a manner which will make it hard to do any kicking. There will be 1,800 of them to look after, if Alaska is recognized and given a share in the job of nominating a Republican presidential candidate.



INTERIOR OF CONVENTION HALL.

If any of the state delegations have a hard time of it it will not be because the local committee has failed in its duty. It will rather be because a few of the states neglected to apply for quarters. The sons of these delinquent commonwealths will get a good place to sleep and plenty of good and well prepared Minneapolis made flour, but they will not enjoy the luxury of quarters at the West or Nicollet or some other equally good hostelry.

What some of the states lacked in vigilance others made up for in the very prompt way they asked for accommodations. There was New York, for instance, which never gets left when it comes to securing a good place at the table. It had hardly recovered from the surprise over losing the convention when Dwight Lawrence was dispatched to the victorious city with instructions to get the very best there was going. This emissary came west for a purpose, and it looks as if he accomplished that purpose in a manner that should secure for him the eternal friendship of Chauncey M. Depew, Warner Miller and the other members of the "big four," and the other good livers who will come along with them. The seventy-two delegates and as many alternates from New York will hold forth at the West.

The West, with its eight stories, ought to accommodate about 1,000 guests, especially in such times as these. More than half the space in the house will be taken by 500 delegates and alternates. A comparatively small part of the New York crowd will have to be less aristocratic for a few days and be guests at the Holmes, a very good and cheery house two blocks from the West and further from the convention. The Michigan people are all right. They will number fifty-six, delegates and alternates, and they have managed to fix things so that about every man has a room to himself.

The big Pennsylvania aggregation will not mix with the New Yorkers, at least they will not have to, for they are to be housed at the Nicollet, three blocks away. The next largest delegation, that from Illinois, will dwell with the Pennsylvanians at the Nicollet. There will be no chance for friction between the Sherman and Foraker elements in the bunch of forty-six delegates from Ohio, for the fates have decreed that half this party shall be at the West, while the other half shall feast at the Nicollet. The thirty Harrison men from Hoosierdom will be an element in the great mix up at the West, where they can confer at the breakfast table with the twelve Blaine enthusiasts from Maine or try to convince the twenty-four sons of the Badger State that Uncle Jerry Rusk is not in it with President Harrison as presidential timber—at least for this heat.

The thirty delegates from the Bay State will be neighbors at the West of the dozen gentlemen from the Nutmeg State. The eight cotton men from Rhode Island and the half dozen sturdy wheat growers from North Dakota will be across the hall from each other at the West, and probably be able to agree on a tariff schedule which will strike the average. The twenty-six un instructed gentlemen from Iowa will have the attention of the West hotel crowd until the little-but-oh-my-half dozen cowboys from Idaho slide into town on their favorite bronchos, and regale the gentlemen from the east with some interesting yarns about those cattle troubles. General Powell Clayton, the one armed veteran from Arkansas, and his eleven colleagues, will also bend the elbow at the same table with the notables already mentioned.

The eight sons of New Hampshire were scheduled for the West, but they are likely to break bread as the guests of



the Pillsbury. The Pillsbury make up four families in Minneapolis. They are rich and have beautiful homes and an abundance of hospitality. They are natives of the Granite State, and no man from that state need leave Minneapolis and know what it is to want a meal, for it will be another case of Pillsbury's best.

The Nicollet House has as prospective guests, besides those already mentioned, eight Green Mountain boys who can compare notes with an equal number of boomers from South Dakota. Chauncey L. Filley and his good sized aggregation from Missouri will congregate with the forty delegates and alternates from ex-

Senator Ingalls' balliwick, all of whom will recline on wire mattresses at the Nicollet. The same register will also bear the autographs of the contingents from Nebraska, New Jersey and New Mexico. The Iowa delegation, already mentioned, will not all be quartered at the West. Some of the southern neighbors will consort with the small detachment from New York who are domiciled at the Holmes, while others will be sent over on the convention side of the river and be given virtuous couches at the Windsor.

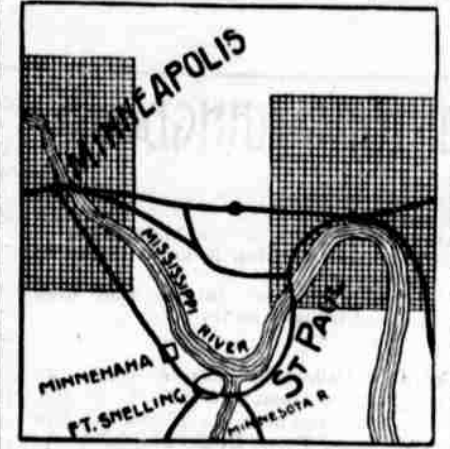
The Holmes, besides looking after the comfort and the shekels of those already referred to, will entertain the twenty-two Alabamians, the twenty-six statesmen from Georgia, with the cool and nifty men from Washington and Montana. Then the Holmes will be further distinguished by having the two gentlemen who will try to see that Utah is not entirely forgotten. A portion of the Iowa delegation, the main body of whom will stop at the West, is also assigned to the Holmes, while another section is booked for the Windsor.

The twenty-six moonshiners from Kentucky were late about letting the local committee know whether they wanted an early or late dinner, but they have fared very well. They will keep the two boomers from Oklahoma from getting lonesome, and this will be done at the Victoria, a good but not so very spacious tavern. The Kellogg, or what is supposed to be the regular delegation from Louisiana, will take twenty minutes or more for refreshments at the St. James, where they will consort with a part of the Mississippi delegation and a few of the gentlemen from South Dakota. The delegates from South Carolina and West Virginia will be at home to friends for a few days at the Brunswick.

The national committee will have headquarters at the West. Their interactions were looked after very early by the local committee, as was well, and as a result the big committeemen will have a pretty comfortable time of it. All the larger delegations, like the New York Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, etc., have arranged for headquarters at the West or Nicollet.

A large number of the delegates and alternates who are booked for a hotel are very likely to be taken in as the guests of prominent Minneapolitans, who have offered their homes for the good of the cause. It is very largely a matter of local and state pride, and every effort will be made to make everybody happy. If it is not done it will be for lack of proper effort.

Senator Washburn, in his palatial Fair Oaks, will entertain Senator Hoar and other equally prominent gentlemen. Minneapolis is a city made up very



largely of people from nearly every state in the Union, and especially every New England and middle state. These people have kept their eyes on that gradually increasing list of delegates and alternates, and a great many will receive a cordial invitation to be guests at private homes. And they'll miss it if they don't accept.

For the countless thousands who will flock into Minneapolis for an opportunity to size up a national convention and to witness the wonders of the twin cities, the hundreds of lesser hotels and private boarding houses will open wide their doors. Then, too, the fair city of St. Paul sits upon its seven by nine hills only half an hour's ride from the convention hall.

Thousands of visitors will be well entertained in the saintly city, where are several spacious caravansaries of the Al or an unlimited supply of modest but meritorious houses of smaller dimensions. The two cities are practically one. They are connected by half a dozen railways and by electric, cable and horse cars. One may journey from the heart of one city to the very center of the other in less than half an hour.

No national convention ever met in a more imposing or capacious edifice than the Minneapolis exposition building. It will accommodate from 12,000 to 15,000 people, and its acoustic properties are perfect. There is no doubt about your being able to hear the speeches if you are fortunate enough to secure a seat in the gallery. The accompanying illustration gives a very good idea of the hall as viewed from the stage. Ample accommodations have been provided for the press, and the able pencil pushers may be relied upon to give prompt, accurate and complete reports of the proceedings.

To the disappointed boomer whose favorite shall have been defeated in the convention the beautiful environments of Minneapolis will offer sweet solace. There is fair Minnehaha, made famous in Longfellow's romantic poem of "Hiawatha," only four miles away. It is situated in the midst of a beautiful park which the state has reserved for a soldier's home. It may be reached by half a dozen different routes. Only a mile from Minnehaha is Fort Snelling, an interesting spot. It is the oldest fort in the northwest and one of the most picturesque in America. It is on a high bluff at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers.

Only twenty minutes' ride from Minneapolis lies Minnetonka, the fairest, freshest, most picturesque of all inland lakes. It has fine hotels, fine yachting, fishing and hunting. White Bear lake is near St. Paul and will well repay a visit.

The Idea.
Picture Dealer—No doubt you will be pleased to decorate your elegant apartments with a number of oil paintings, I have on hand a selection of old pictures by the most famous artists.
Upstart—Old pictures! Thank goodness we are sufficiently well off to afford new ones.—Schalk.

Money Saved.
Little Wife—I saved thirty dollars today.
Loving Husband—You're an angel.
How?
Little Wife—I saw a perfectly lovely easy chair that I knew you'd like, and I didn't buy it.—New York Weekly.

A Herculean Task.
Cobwigger—Was he a successful business man?
Merritt—Why, he was a genius. He took hold of a monument fund and completed it in the lifetime of the original subscribers.—New York Sun.

Quite Serious.
Patient—Doctor, I have trouble about allowing: does that amount to anything?
Doctor (looking down his throat)—Yes, it amounts to five dollars.—Fliegende Blätter.

Accommodated.
Judge—One year and fifty dollars fine.
Prisoner's Lawyer—I would like to make a motion to have that sentence reversed.
Judge—All right! Fifty years and one dollar fine.—Green Bag.

Knew His Business.
"My barber is a hustler. He's got out a new sign now."
"What is it?"
"Bald heads polished to look like new."
—Harper's Bazar.

She Was All Right.
She could not darn his socks or sew a button on his coat;
She could not make a decent shirt to fit his manly throat.
But what cared he if she had not a talent to unfold?
For when he married her she had a hundred thousand gold.

Dear Park and Oakland.

To those contemplating during the coming summer a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the dome of the Alleghany mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with such adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests, as Turkish and Russian baths, swimming pools for both ladies and gentlemen, billiard rooms, superbly furnished parlors, and rooms single or en suite, an unexcelled cuisine and superior service.

The surrounding grounds as well as the hotel are lighted with electricity, have cosy and shady nooks, meandering walks, lawn tennis courts and grassy play grounds for children within full view of the inviting verandas. Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its guests. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west, and are, therefore, readily accessible from all parts of the country. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago and any point on B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 22d.
For full particulars as to rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett c ty, Maryland.

Veterans' Route to the Encampment.

Veterans going to the G. A. R. encampment at Washington in September via the B. & O. R. R. will traverse territory fraught with a thousand reminiscences of the conflicts in which they figured so prominently. Along Cheat river, on the western slope of the Alleghany, they will pass the scenes of Gen. McClellan's victories over Gen. Floyd in the early stages of the war. At Grafton they will pass near the battlefield of Philippi. At Piedmont they will enter the historic Piedmont valley, which was a debatable ground all the way to Washington. The towering mountains, which shut in the valley, echoed and re-echoed almost hourly with the roar of cannon and musketry. The mountain tops witnessed the engagements at Marlinsburg, Antietam, Sharpsburg, South Mountain, Monocacy, Ball's Bluff, Leesburg, Dranesville, Chantilly, Centerville and the hundreds of skirmishes along the hillsides and in the valleys. At the foot of the mountains, along the banks of the Potomac, paced the solitary sentry, protecting often the tracks and trains of the B. & O. R. R., which the government so jealously guarded as the great highway of communication between the west and the National Capital, and which is the best known route to the east to thousands of veterans who traveled over it early in the sixties as raw recruits to join the ranks. And to Potomac! What memories its mention awakens! And Harper's Ferry too! There stood John Brown's old fort. There "Stonewall" Jackson performed his great exploits. It was near there that Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland and then invaded Pennsylvania to meet the repulse at Gettysburg. At Harper's Ferry begins the famous Shenandoah valley, which is penetrated from end to end by the B. & O. R. R., bringing into easy access the battlefields at Winchester, Kernstown, Opequan, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Front Royal, New Market, Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Waynesboro, and McDowell. What memories of heroism, of forced marches, of victories and defeats these names recall! And with them come trooping from the past the names of Sheridan, of Pope, of Banks, of Fremont, of Shields, of "Stonewall" Jackson, of Lee, of Ashby, and of Early.

It is only by the B. & O. R. R. that these famous battlefields can be reached. During the encampment excursions will be run to them daily from Washington at greatly reduced rates. Excursions will also be run to Gettysburg, to Manassas, to Bull Run, to Fredericksburg and other Virginia battlefields.

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